Photographs and Dust

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Photographs and Dust

by snapdragonpop007

Summary

Morticia found the photo album in the morning, and she gave it to Will and Hannibal in the evening.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Morticia found the photo album up in the attic, its glossy black cover now gray with dust.

She blew it away and wiped off whatever dust still clung to the leather and felt her heart warm as she finally recognized it as her and Will's album. Grandmama had put it together for her when she left Louisiana. *So we won't forget about Will* she had said. Morticia held it close to her chest for a moment, then glided back down the stairs into the nursery with her sleeping children.

She settled in the large rocking chair, smiled at Wednesday and Pugsley, then slowly opened the album.

The first photo was of them as babies. They were settled in the crib together--the same crib that now held Wednesday, Morticia clinging to Will and Will looking around with wide blue eyes. Grandmama always said that she and Will were inseparable as children, and while Morticia did not remember much at that age, she did remember having thrown a fit when Grandmama tried to move Will to his own crib.

It's a good thing Will's parents died that day. Grandmama said. *I'd hate to give him back.*

The next few photos were much the same, until Morticia came to one where she and will were finally old enough to sit up on their own.

They were in front of a large christmas tree that was decorated in pretty silver and bleached bone. Will was in a wool hat and a knitted sweater, still looking as baffled as he had in that first photo. Morticia was in a pretty black velvet dress, smiling sweetly at the camera.

Just below the photo Grandmama had written in her neat cursive *Will and Morticia's first Christmas.*

Below that another photo of them in the snow, bundled up in sweaters and hats and scarfs and both looking baffled as snowflakes fell around them.

Grandmama had labeled that one *First Snow.*

Morticia gently touched the photograph, letting her fingers trail down the page until there was no page left to touch. They had gone north to visit family that first Christmas, although Morticia did not remember it now. Will had not liked the snow--he still didn't like snow, even after living in West Virginia for years. Morticia had thought that it was lovely and she still thought it was lovely.

She smiled and flipped the page.

There was Winston, still a puppy and cuddled up to Will, who had to be closer to two years old in this photo.

Winston, who had grown up with Will but never grew old enough to stop living. That was probably a good thing, Morticia thought. Will would be devastated if Winston were to die. She would be too, if she thought hard enough about it.

The next page was a collage of photo booth strips, all of them with her and Will and Cousin Itt. They were all sorts of different ages here, but Cousin Itt still looked as ageless as always. Morticia did not remember the particular occasion that went with each photo strip, but Cousin Itt liked to pop up every now and then and take the two of them shopping at the mall.

Puglsey stirred and whined, and Morticia hurried to sooth him back to sleep before going back to the album.

There was a photo of a five year old Will in the kitchen helping Grandmama make Morticia's birthday cake and a photo of a five year old Morticia in the kitchen helping Grandmama make Will's birthday cake.

There were many photographs of birthday parties and Christmases and holidays.

Will and Morticia got older in each one until she reached a photo of Will in a police uniform, all grown up and smiling while Morticia, just as grown up, clung to him in a hug.

The next photo was of Morticia in her black lace wedding gown with Will by her side in a black lace tux, because Morticia wouldn't have anyone else by her side while she married Gomez. Even on this day, when Will had been happy and laughing and young, he still looked like he held the weight of the world on his shoulders.

Morticia felt her heart hurt for a moment.

Will had been so joyful and carefree as a child, but when he put on that police uniform, that had all gone away.

Morticia shook her head and flipped the page, surprised by what greeted her.

That should have been the last photograph, but instead there was one of Will and Abigail. It must have been taken when Will first brought her home, because Abigail was still a child. She was grinning at the camera with her cheek smushed against Will's, and Will was smiling just as brightly.

There were photographs of Abigail and Morticia, of Abigail and Gomez and Morticia, of Will and Morticia watching the children play. Then there was a photograph of Clarice, pudgy face and swaddled in Morticia's arms, and then a photograph of Will and Morticia dancing, him in a dark red tux, her in a black velvet dress.

It took her a moment to place it.

It was at Will's wedding. That night he had danced with Hannibal, watched Gomez and Fester dance, then tugged Morticia onto the ballroom floor for a round of rather terrible waltzing. They had stepped on each other's feet far too many times to count. *You two are graceful apart, but clumsy together* Grandmama always told them.

Morticia had not realized someone was keeping this silly little album updated, but she was glad that they were.

She touched the photograph and smiled, and when Will and Hannibal and Abigail and Clarice came over for dinner later that night, Morticia pulled Will and Hannibal away to show them the silly little album.

End Notes

I don't even know what i'm doing anymore tbh, but the important thing to take away from this is that Grandmama raised Will and Morticia

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